"The man who has it in him," replied

boys come to the city?"

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

No Man

Can have complete self-confi-Can have complete self-confidence if he doubt the loyalty of his SUSPENDERS. For.....

We'll relieve you this week of any uneasiness you may have on that score. The Suspenders offered as Surprise Special No. 46 are of French and American web, full length, with mohair ends, Wilson patent and slide buckles. Only two pair to any customer. The sale ends next Saturday

\$6.98 Still Buys High-Grade Men's Suits

But the opportunity will last only a little time longer. Almost every imaginable fancy is included. Unless you see them you can't realize what elegant Suits they are. Whether it's for business or dress wear you seek to equip yourself, we'll please you equally. There are hundreds of patterns -fancy and solid colors-all at \$6.98.

We're selling magnificent Children's All-Wool Reefers at \$2.50-advance patterns Fancy Pleated Bosom Shirts at 85c-newest shape Hats, black, brown, pearl and other new shades, at \$1.48.

No goods made are superior to those sold at The Globe Corner,

And no method is fairer than that whereby the money is returned without a single question or argument if the patron is not wholly pleased.



A STRANGE EPIDEMIC.

An English Correspondent Allows

Weird Imagination Full Play.

be a sense of loss of weight, although our

bulk is not diminished, and we require as

we rise to unexpected height from the

ground with the least spring; we can al-

breathing and all the phenomena of disor

pump will not raise water from the well.

pearance of a strange star in the heavens

It is the star which is doing the mischief

Our atmosphere is going from

are no longer able to present

crease. Birds drop panting from the

boughs. Fish float gasping on the surface

What are the chances of such an event

occurring? Summed up in the fewest pos-

sible words, space is a maze of paths trav-

ersed by celestial bodies of all dimensions,

from the tiny aerolite to the gigantic

world. We are in this maze. We are sur-

rounded by masses of matter in motion.

traveling with various degrees of velocity

in lines of various curvature, hither and

thither, in every direction. Looking at the

heavens from day to day and see-

then the arrival of a small comet,

or the falling of an insignificant

the mind desires it believes-that nothing

dangerously large need be expected. And

yet we may be directly in the paths of

thousands of mighty stars and only escape

destruction by the luck of their being in

some other part of their vast orbits. From

remote regions of infinite space millions of

us on parachutic curves to reach our

vicinity sooner or later. Can we reasonably

expect that good fortune will attend us

forever? Can we reasonably hope, for all

time, to escape coming within the sphere of

influence of some star which, though passed

at the distance of perhaps hundreds of mil-

lions of miles, may yet be near enough, ow-

ing to its vast size, to attenuate our atmos-

phere (by counteracting terrestrial gravity)

to such an extent as to deprive organiza-

tions, animal and vegetable, of the power

Probably our earth has times innumerable

evolution as often reanimated nature. We

may be approaching one of these azoic

A Rose in a Novel.

If Woman Had Her Way.

He-I see they are again discussing the

Presidents?" It seems to be a difficult prob-

She-That's just like you men; you are

so unpractical in everything. If women had

She-Why, abolish the office of ex-presi-

a say in the government we would settle it

question, "What shall we do with our ex-

Dear withered flower-was it a gleam

E. MOLYNEAUX.

-Emma Carleton.

epochs-how nearly no one can say.

Bournemouth, England, Jan. 20.

Of a romance long gone past?

Was it a pledge of pain's surcease-

Or touching token of a dream

Far too beautiful to last?

Of a hint of joy? Indeed.

'Twas but her offering of peace

To a book too dull to read.

of continuing their functions.

ing nothing new, except now

plants, shrubs, trees, droop and wither,

have their origin.

The Improved

Light Reduced In Price.

Improved methods and greater life. facilities for manufacturing, together with the enormous increase in the sales of the Improved Welsbach Light, make possible the following reduction in price:

Light With Standard Shade, \$2.00. Former price, \$2.50.

Light With Reading Lamp Shade, \$2.25. Former price, \$2.75. Lights With Decorated Shades at Proportionately Reduced Figures.

It is the most efficient, economical means of artificial lighting known to science. Burns half the gas-gives three times the light.

For Sale by The Consumers' Gas Trust Co.

Pennsylvania Short Lines

Washington, D. C. \$16 Round Trip \$16

Tickets sold March 1, 2, 3.

THREE (3) DAILY TRAINS.

5:50 a. m. 2:45 p. m. 7:55 p. m.

GEO. E. ROCKWELL, D. P. A. E. A. FORD, G. P. A.

VANDALIA LINE.

The Short Line for ST. LOUIS and THE WEST. aerolite, we have grown to believe-what

Leave Indianapolis Daily-8:15 a. m., 12:40 Arrive St. Louis Union Station-1.55 p. m., 7:32 p. m., 1:44 a. m., 7 a. m. Parler car on 12:40 noon train daily and local sleeper on 11:20 p. m. train daily for Evansville, open to receive passengers at Ticket offices, No. 48 West Washington

street, No. 46 Jackson place and Union Sta-tion. GEO. E. ROCKWELL, D. P. A. E. A. FORD, General Passenger Agent.

SAFE DEPOSITS.

S. A. FLETCHER & CO.'S Safe: Deposit: Vault

30 East Washington St. Absolute safety against fire and burglar, Policeman day and night on guard. signed for safe keeping of Money, Bonds, Wills, Deeds, Abstracts, Cliver Plate, Jewels and valuable Trunks, Packages, etc. Contains 2.100 boxes. Rent \$5 to \$45 per year.

JOHN S. TARKINGTON, - - - Manager. SAWS AND MILL SUPPLIES.

ATKINS E. C.& CO., Manufacturer and repairer of CIRCULAR, CROSS CUT, PAND and all other BELTING, EMERY WHEELS Union Station.

SAWS BELTING and EMERY WHEELS

SPECIALTIES OF W. B. Barry Saw and Supply Co

122 S. PENN ST. All kinds of Saws repaired. New Albany, Ind.



TALK WITH RUSSELL SAGE

THE OWNER OF FIFTY MILLIONS ON MONEY AND MONEY MAKING.

thing About the Present Times-Philosophy of a Millionaire.

(Copyright, 1897, by Frank G. Carpenter.) NEW YORK, Feb. 5 .- I had an hour's interview last Saturday with Russell Sage in his private office in the old rat-trap of a building known as 71 Broadway. Every one has heard of Russell Sage. He is said to be worth somewhere between fifty and one hundred million dollars. He has more money on call than any other man in New York, and he is ready to loan a million or so at any moment on low interest, provided he has good security. There are few men living who have handled so much money as he. Starting life a poor boy, he was a millionaire way back in the sixties, and for the past thirty years he has been turning his millions over like a snowball, gathering more and more at every roll. Mr. Sage is one of the remarkable characters of this century. He is now eighty, but he does not look to be sixty years. All of this time he has been in the very thick of things. He was a big money handler during the war, and he has been associated with nearly every great capitalist of the past generation. He and Jay Gould were hand in glove in great enterprises, and he is a director in so many banks, trust companies and railroad companies that it is said that his fees for attending directors' meetings would make a good salary for an ordinary man. I have seen newspaper statements representing Russell Sage as an illiterate man. I have not found him so. No one can be with the biggest men of this country for sixty years and not become educated. Mr. Sage started in life with a public school education. At the age of twenty-five he was elected as one of the aldermen of Troy, and before he was forty he was one of the most prominient members of Congress. Long before he was fifty he was worth a million, and now, at eighty, he has as money of him to play the great game which is always going on here among the Wall-

MR. SAGE'S OFFICE. I met Mr. Sage in his office. His New York establishment looks more like a prison than the workshop of a millionaire. It is to a certain extent a fortification. You remember how a crank came within an ace The epidemic we are about to describe is of blowing him into eternity with a dynas yet unknown to modern man. No notice mite bomb a couple of years ago, because Mr. Sage would not write him out a cheek of a visit can be traced even amongst the for a million odd dollars. As it was, he traditions of the most sentient peoples. But there is reason to believe that, in prewas very badly hurt. Now, the average historic times, it has frequently depopumillionaire, after such an attack, would lated our earth. It may be traveling tohave given up business and retired from danger. That, however, is not the kind of a wards us; though no data can be obtained man Russell Sage is. As soon as he rewhich would enable us to predict the date, covered from his injuries he went back to work, but he put some guards about him reach our world next year, next month, or to keep off the cranks of the future. Toeven next week, and be of such a malignant day you cannot walk into his office without intensity as to destroy not only the whole race of man, but all animal and vegetable you are known. You cannot see him unless you have good credentials. My introduction The first symptoms of this disorder will was through a letter from Mr. Henry Clews, the famous Wall-street banker. With this I climbed to the second story of 71 Broadway and entered an office, upon many pounds in the scales to balance as the painted door of which were the words we did before we became conscious of this "Russell Sage." Passing through this, I singular change in our condition; the wind found myself in a narrow hall or cell, as it blows us about as if we were feathers; were, walled with boards to a point high above my head. Above these boards there most fly. Yet we suffer from lassitude, faas that which surrounds the bullion in the tigue on the least exertion, difficulty of vaults of the United States treasury. There were two doors leading through the board dered circulation. Our clocks stop, our wall, but these I understand shut with a spring lock. In the wall there were two These events will be preceded by the aplittle holes guarded with brass bars. Standing before them, you can look in and see the clerks who manage Mr. Sage's business. It is so large and is passing so near our Through these holes is the only means of planet as to counteract terrestrial gravity. getting at Mr. Sage. You present yourself | this subject." at them, and Mr. Sage's cashler, a gray-The air is so rarified that our lungs mustached young man, with a critical eye looks you over. If he is very sure you are the blood traveling through them suffiall right and that your business is of imcient oxygen. Not enough of carbon is portance you are presented to Mr. Sage. consumed in the zoonic furnace and the This was what was done with me. The invital fire is going out; for it is in the slow vestigation seemed to be satisfactory, and combustion of carbon and oxygen that the a few minutes later the door in the wall functions and motives of organized beings was unlocked. I was conducted through an ante-room and shown into the plain As the atmosphere thins, muscular and but comfortably furnished private office of exhaustion become more prothe millionaire. nounced, heart, lung and brain troubles in-

street gamblers.

HOW RUSSELL SAGE LOOKS. As I entered, a straight, well-formed, smooth-shaven man turned about from a of the water. No form of life escapes, for desk in one corner of the room. He rose oiled, and a pleasant smile came over his grave features as he told me that he could give me a few moments only, and asked me to be seated. He did not look at me at all critically, and during the talk he chatted with me as freely as though there was not an Anarchist in the world. Though he told me that he could see me for but a few moments. I remained with him for more than an hour, while brokers and other they did in the past." business men were waiting outside. became interested in the conversation, and then leaned over and tapped me on the knee as he laughed over some story of his some subject he was discussing.

how he managed at eighty to keep so young and bright. The old millionaire

"I don't know how I do it, but I am here six hours of the day six days of every week, year in and year out. My good enormous bodies may be hurrying toward health in old age is, I think, largely due myself to be dragged about to dinners and clubs. When I first came to New York I was persuaded into joining the Union years. I never attended more than two or three dinears there, however, and I seldom some one else. I was asked to sell it. You stories about his career as a politician, and wanted to get in, and I could have got more became President of the United as much as \$200 for it. But I told them | States, In his younger days Mr. Sage was passed through these sterilized periods, and that I did not want to make money that

> ship until it ran out. This I did. "Speaking of money making, Mr. Sage, man. He was at the head of the New York how did you get your start? How did you make your first thousand dollars?"

> "There is no particular story in that replied Mr. Sage. "When I was sixteen ! deal of trouble in making money. My first | nation. After the convention met it was thousand probably came from saving, and was made on much the same principle that I have followed throughout life."

"But are there any fixed principles by which a man can make money, Mr. Sage?

"But there are he said: "I was asked to go to see Colonel second, he must be industrious. I should Taylor, a Southern man, would treat the his money so that it will work for him."

"What do you think of New York as a

WOMEN AND THE STAGE field for money making? Should country

Russell Sage, "will succeed anywhere, You can't keep the right country boy down and | FACTS FOR THOSE WHO THINK SUCthe city boy with the right stuff in him is bound to get up. The chances in New York are perhaps greater than in the country. but the temptations are also greater. I tell you I don't like what I see about the clubs here in New York. You may go to them any night and you will see young fellows who have less than a thousand dollars a year dressed in swallow-tailed coats. They are eating expensive dinners. They are drinking a little and playing cards a little. Such are not my ideas of a successful scheme of life for a young man, and those are not the young men who succeed. It is the young fellows who spend their evenings at home and save their money who keep a bright eve for the main chance and live so that they will have brains healthy enough to see it when it comes."

"You have been interested in many enterprises in your life, Mr. Sage?"

"Yes, I have," was the millionaire's reply. I early became interested in railroads. I traveled over some of the first built in this country, and I saw there was going to be a lot of money in them. I bought a lot of stock in the Western railroads, and I was for a long time president and vice president of the Milwaukee & St. Paul. I had also interests in roads further West, and for a long time have been connected with the Union Pacific."

"What is going to be done with the Union

Pacific, Mr. Sage?" "I think the government ought to have something to do with it," was the reply. "A great deal of noise has been made about it, but the Union Pacific has been of enormous profit to the United States government. Its profit has perhaps not come directly, but indirectly that road has built up the great West. It has created hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of taxable property, and the great States of the West are due to it. It would not seem to me out of the way that the government should guarantee its bonds. If the United States would guarantee its bonds at 3 per cent. I would be glad to take a lot of them." HE TALKS ABOUT THE TIMES.

"What do you think about the times, Mr. Sage? Are they going to be better?" "I think so, though we had a hard pul during the last campaign. I have faith in the sober sense of the American people, and I believe with a moderate tariff we will

soon be prosperous." "Are you not afraid of the dissatisfaction of the poor?"

"No; I don't believe the best elements of the laboring classes are dissatisfied. More than three-fifths of the laboring men of this country realize that their success is dependent upon the success of the capitalists who are their employers. The other twofifths are those who are trying to get along without work, and who don't want to

"What are the causes of the hard times?" "I believe they are largely due to overproduction, not only here, but all over the world. We have been making more goods than we could sell. We have expensive establishments, and we have kept them up notwithstanding the sales have stopped. Then we took off the tariff, and let foreigners ship in cheap goods to compete with us, and the result is as you see it. Why, things were never so cheap as they are now in the United States. Look at this

coat which I have on." I looked and felt the sack coat of the millionaire. It was a very respectable-looking garment, made of fairly good dark gray woolen cloth. As I felt it Mr. Sage went on: "Well, how much do you think that coat cost? I paid just \$6 for it. It was a part of a suit that was selling for \$8.50, and I bought it just to show these fellows here how cheap things are. You know there are things in the papers now and then about my wearing \$11 suits and buying my clothes ready made. Those stories are not true. I have always had my clothes made to order, and I don't think I ever wore a ready-made suit in my life. I merely put this on to illustrate the position I hold on

Russell Sage is perhaps the biggest money lender in the United States. He has millions out at interest, and he is one of the few men who seem to always have a million to lend-to the right party. As I looked at him I thought of this, and asked: "How is money in New York just now? Are not interest rates very low?"

Mr. Sage replied: "No they are not low to-day, but they are in general lower than they have been for years. This is so not only here but all over the world. It seems to me that this shows that men have more faith in each other than ever before. A respectable man can easily get trusted now, lost a great deal by their evident desire to repudiate their debts. The silver movement has been a bad thing for the West. Western town for water works or public improvements knowing how they stand upon such matters? I think they will find it more difficult to borrow money here than

THE ORIGINAL M'KINLEY MAN. The only ornaments on the walls of Mr. Sage's private office are two big railroad maps and one larger photograph in an oak career or became especially interested in | frame. This photograph hangs right over his desk, and the face within it is that of My first question was as to his health and | President-elect McKinley. I pointed to it

"I see, Mr. Sage, you are a McKinley

man.

"Yes," said he, "I am, I think he is safe man, and will make a good President. My attention was first called to him when he beat Campbell for Governor. Campbell had gone in with a large majority. McKinley was elected over him the next term, He was in for one term and was then reelected by a majority of more than 80,000.

(Continued on Tenth Page.)

At that time I saw, I thought, that he was a man of the future, and I told my friends that he would be the candidate of the Republican party for President." The conversation here drifted to politics. and Mr. Sage told me some interesting how it was through him that Millard Fila prominent man in New York State. He way, and that I would hold the member- was a great admirer of Zach. Taylor, but was above everything a strong Henry Clay

crude material into dramatic shape. delegation at the convention which nominated Taylor, and held the votes of the delegates from his State solid for Clay, New mean that he would surely get the nomiior. Mr. Sage did so and eventually threw the vote of the State for Taylor, bringing tractable under the lash.

Taylor, the brother of the future President. that it was impossible to nominate Clay,

CESS AND FORTUNE EASY.

Stars Require Continued "Coaching" to Hold the Popular Esteem.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. NEW YORK, Feb. 6 .- It is only of comparatively recent years that the theatrical profession has been considered one of the principal callings supposed to be open to women generally, both as a practical means of an independent livelihood and as affording a fair road to fame and fortune. In the old stock company days it was rather a trade, and for the most part confined to those born of stage parents and those growing up in the immediate environment of the theeter. The allurements of the footlights were hedged in by the limitations of local demands, few theaters, slavish work, low pay and slow advancement, and the social feminine doubt of respectability.

tem came revolution, not alone in the extraordinary increase in the number of theaters everywhere and the corresponding multiplication of theatrical companies, but in the attitude of the public itself toward the theatrical calling. The demands of the stage for talent were at once greater than the supply and salaries went up with rapidly growing profits, until hundreds of persons with little or no talent were getting more money than could be earned by accomplished men and women in other walks | robe of finely-powdered snow lying upon all

At the same time growing familiarity a million facets the sunshine which pours with the stage and its people throughout in one full golden flood from the chambers the country worked the most extraordinary of the east. How the tonic air quickens the change of social sentiment witnessed dur- blood and touches to renewed health the ing the century. Actors have become the house-worn spirit! People are abroad. The of Presidents, while the women who form- in little processions, the dry snow shricking erly ranked so low are sometimes welcomed like a hurt thing beneath their heavy

in the best society. These causes have brought about an an- sound fairily. From the creek comes the nual deluge of women as candidates for soft swish of many saws, and the cheery public favor and aspirants to histrionic and women who have been actors and actresses, are now such, or want to be. The rush of the raw material has forced competent people of both sexes into the background and has degraded salaries until the 'Tis Saturday, and not an hour of so perbest must strive continually to be able to make enough money during the season to keep them from want during the summer months of inactivity.

Any New York manager will tell you that there are from ten to twenty applicants for every part to be given out. The bottom is rapidly dropping out of all salaries except those at the top, and even top salaries are feeling the squeeze.

THE SALARIES PAID.

The majority of leading people in road companies get but \$50 a week or less. Fourfifths of the profession as a whole, including chorus, ballet and supernumeraries, average but about \$15 a week for the season, which means an average of less than \$9 a week spread over the twelve calendar months. The other two-fifths do not average more than \$35 a week, including stars, taking it for the year. This covers only the part of the profession employed, not the two or three thousand now annually out of engagements. The estimates are from the books of reputable managers.

The dramatic schools of this city and other places are new turning out nearly one thousand pupils each year. This includes all pupils being fitted for the stage. Those who go directly to the boards without a registry will swell the annual applicants to a full thousand new people. The estimate is made upon close calculation with Mr. Franklin H. Sargent, president of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts, and upon his authority. That institution, through its regular course and by private instruction, sends out about one

hundred a year. Taking the figures of the academy and it counterpart in Chicago and other cities as financial premises we must arrive at the conclusion that not less than \$1,000,000 is being spent in hard cash every year for stage preparation. As this estimate includes all sorts of special work, from that put upon a star like Mrs. Leslie Carter down to a skirt dancer, the figures will probably run below, rather than above, actual expenditures. Acording to Mr. Sargent, the average cost of preparation for the stage is \$1 .-000. Therefore, as one thousand people are turned out annually, the total for annual instruction must be a round \$1,000,000.

Mrs. Potter was as conspicuous an tion is not good is more carefully watched Mrs. Carter, though no legal scandal grew than ever. Those fellows in the West have out of it. She was refused by Sargent-as was Mrs. Carter-and turned over to Belasco, who had for six years been a noted teacher in the Academy of Dramatic Art. Do you think I would lend any money to a Belasco put in five or six thousand dollars' worth of time on her. And, according to her friends, the time and money were well

There is not a single actress or actor of note but has spent thousands upon a dramatic education, either in money direct or in weeks and months and years of persistent and intelligent labor. It is a grevious mistake to suppose that all this money and even all of this hard work will make either an actor or an actress. All the coaching and all the work that might be squeezed into a hundred years will not put an atom of brains into any head that did not have them in the beginning. It can only improve and develop the stock on hand.

BELASCO'S METHODS The methods of Belasco set the layman world laughing. But they have been the nonexpert stage manager for years. It is en should be trained like animals of the four-footed variety, with a whip. There are exceptions in this of women of rare intellectual attainments and acute sensibilities, but the rule is, metaphorically, to reof getting them out of their self-conscious- in a furtive way. Here and there small poses. ness, of subduing their pigheaded self-esteem, of subordinating insufferable vanity up to the light, leaving tiny tunnels, and woman's greatest work. Compared with

more susceptible to fear, and proving more

They tell a good many amusing stories evening rehearsal. She had a bandage on her wrist, her face was abnormally red at one side, as if it had been recently slapped, also add he must be economical and invest Northern Whigs fairly. Colorel Taylor told and her dress was soiled by frequent conme that his brother was a Whig through tact with the floor.

"Oh, nothing serious is the matter," she gown as she came up.

said, "only I don't feel equal to rehearsal THE VOICE OF THE PULPIT this evening."

"What's the matter with your wrist?" asked Mr. Sargent.

"N-nothing particular-you know this was my afternoon with Belasco." But she braced up later and turned our for rehearsal in fine fettle.

It has often been alluded to as a singular fact that the dramatic art is the only one popularly supposed to be wide open to any woman who may take the fancy to go on the stage-without reference to aptitude, education, training or experience. As inordinate vanity leads more women stageward than the idea of choosing it as a career for a living, the simplest and most convincing logic would be lost upon them.

Not less than two thousand men and

women of this profession are to-day living

in this city on charity. They haven't a cent and have no engagements for the coming season. Many of them are competent people, of long experience and have commanded good salaries. Some of them have labored hard and conscientiously and de-

serve better of fortune. wasted lives. They have sacrificed home, family ties, love, children, domestic happiness, everything worth living for on this earth, on the altar of an intangible and bear and ox? Where is his boasting, then? With the advent of the combination sys- | iridescent dream-to go down to old age and the grave alone, their greatest triumphs long since forgotten.

ONE WINTER HOUR.

January 30, in the morning. The ther-

mometer ranging not far from zero, and

with no breath of air stirring; the heavens above as deep and blue as the sky of June, but with a faint, vanishing frosty mist hovering low over the face of earth; the things far and near, and flashing back from crunching wheels, and tinkling sleighbells laughter and jests of the ice-cutters, now busily gathering their crystal harvest From the creek, too, floats the shouts o children, for a score of boys and girls with skates and sleds are holding carnival and make a picture of moving life and color. fect a holiday to be lost. They are at i early and will be there late. What though you can fairly taste the tang of the sharp air-it only nips the sluggards and will never hurt these tireless types of energy. The ice-cutters are swathed in uncouth wrappings, and have carpet strips and gunny sacks tied about their feet, but the skating boys, in their scant roundabouts and knickerbockers, have no use for such incumbrances as they scurry to and fro generating their own warmth, and if they get a foot now and then into the icy water, all is one. Oh, the vital power of the spirit which can thus set at defiance external nature! And let us note in passing this touch of human nature-the lad who has voluntarily handicapped himself with a sled and its precious burden, a pretty muffled miss, which he draws laboriously up and down while his swallow-like companions skim past him. It is easy to see what is ing surrender of his perfect freedom and little bosom holds the attention as nothing | that must have been.

Away from this animated group and the creek I wander, following the trail or certain exploring boys, who for the sake of little smooth stretches here and there have clumped through snow, battered their skate wherever the thin shell spanned the ripples. madrigals of robins and pushed its way through the summer mint. What unseen things are happening in those secret chambers that nature there should laugh so liqand now the snow is fixed in tiny billows as if wavelets running to the strand were so caught and kept. The white stuff drifted adown the banks make of the creek bed a cradle lined with snowy satin, and where the ice is free from this coverlet great frosty, feathery crystals have formed till

The frosty mist is fast fading from sight, but over yonder in the gray-brown-purple woods it still seems to lurk as if caught in | 3. Passing by the fine grace of hospitalthat frowsy tangle. As I draw near sharp | ity which she exercised, we see next that as if some one there were striking a bludgeon against the tree boles. But no one is visible, and the sound continues, here and l there, but always afar. Can it be that to call out the strength and richness of her spirits haunt our groves as they did the

he did in balmier days, but the wood- world would be if there were no babies in pecker, very subdued now, gives infrequent | it. How empty and almost desolate is that utterance to a note that has in it more of | home that has not been blessed with a litwheezes pensively. But hark! another God. But the baby comes and "changes all sound, as unexpected almost as the pipes | that." It being present, the cup of life of Pan-the faint, indescribable medley of the song-sparrow. And now, as if one har- | vesce. How interesting is its growth, what binger of the renaissance emboldened an- fun it creates, how it rides over all our bird comes ringing through the winter still- stateliness and humanizes all within the ness. I answer him, and his peter-peterpeter grows quick and agitated as he draws nearer. Straight to the bare boughs | earnest. above my head he comes and flits to and fro, looking down upon me with first one eye and then the other. Manifestly he is overloyed at the thought of finding a comlonely pioneer! How I wish he might know | an has a task that will tax all her greatthat I am his true friend and that he could ness. We may be sure that she put all the perch here on my hand with perfect safety. I might not be to his liking as an associate, and wealth of her affections into the trainat least have good feed and plenty of it. Never trust your secrets to the snow. By

it I see that the wood-folk have been abroad creatures, presumably mice, have burrowed | For those to whom it is given, this is to a smoothly working intellectual and you may follow the little excursionist in all the power of a mother's hand in molding physical machine. Every expert stage di- his wanderings as he rambies nere and human life, the power of any other hand is rector applies this theory, and the best | there seeking out the crevices that lead to | small. Most men are made by their mothhave practiced it successfully in beating the hidden places under logs and sticks-all the ers. When God is about to make a great idle veerings of his small mind revealed as | man, it has been said, he first makes a When Belasco was a dramatic teacher in are those of the human animal, sometimes great woman. This is a law of heredity, the academy he followed the same methods by agencies that he wots not of. Finally and countless biographies prove it. "All ods of the whip and club and alternate and one imagines the "wee beastle" after Lincoln, "I owe to my angel mother." The praise and comfort-just as the sportsman his jaunt descending again to his comforta- American painter. West, when a little boy trains a setter dog; as the showman trains | ble lodgings and snuggling down to warm | was once left by his mother to rock his a trick mule, a performing horse or ele- his toes and doze once more, careless of the baby brother while she was gone. He phant. Max Freeman, Ben Teal and all the upper world. The rabbit, too, has been out rocked the cradle until the baby fell asleep, rest follow the same method, substantially, to cut circles and gambol to and fro with Finding a pencil and a piece of paper, he though their labor is mostly of the mouth. all the zest, apparently, of a healthy boy, sat down by the sleeping child and began to guite innocent of the fact that the snow is draw its picture. As he was finishing it, his of women for the stage, the latter being his betrayer; and birds descending to the mother returned and, looking over his ground to hop about have left their record | shoulder, saw the likeness. A smile lighted

rifle shot away, lies the town and work to be done; and as the mouse and rabbit to their burrows after their brief runs, so I to GEO. S. COTTMAN.

Well!

I saw a woman at communion, the other Sunday, bow very low at the name of Christ in the creed, and kick out her flamboyant

A GREAT WOMAN OF THE OLDEN TIME AND THE THINGS SHE DID.

A Sermon by the Rev. James Henry Snowden, Pastor Second Presbyterian Church, Washington, Pa.

was a great woman; and she constrained him to eat bread. And as oft as he passed by he turned in thither to eat bread.-I

Anything improbable in that? Why not a great woman, as well as a great man? Is not woman human? Does she not have the same attributes, chareteristics, powers and qualities that make man great? Did not God breathe into her the same breath of life? It is true that man may be superior to her at some points, but are there But their lives have been practically not other points at which she is far superior to him? And are not the points at which man is generally superior to woman

also points at which he is inferior to the

Heathenism puts a wide and cruel difference between man and woman, but the gospel says there is no difference. Man and woman are not competitive and antagonistic, but are complimentary and harmonious. And not only are both needed, but there is room for both to be great; not great at the same points always, but each in his own and her own proper way. The question, Which is the greater? need not arise, and in a well-regulated household never will arise, but let both covet "earn-

estly the best gifts." In this chapter is sketched a character whom the Hebrew chronicler pronounced "a great woman," and a study of the narrative shows that he was not mistaken. Let us look at the outline.

1. The first conspicuous fact is that the did her work. There, also, she was content; for when the prophet, in return for her hospitality, suggested speaking favorably of her at court, she answered with beautiful humility, "I dwell among mine own people." She did not complain, as do some to-day, that she was in a narrow, contracted place and needed some wider sphere. The home was great enough for

So to-day it is, and is ever bound to be, woman's natural sphere and greatest work. The home must be kept, or the race goes back to barbarism. No other work in the world is more necessary and noble, far reaching and blessed. The woman who looks upon the home with any spirit of discontent and scorn, as though it were a small place, does not know greatness when she sees it. The greatest woman never can crowd this sphere, It will afford plenty of room for the exercise and display of all the genius and grace she has. And the woman, however humble may be her home, that has some conception of the grandeur of her work, and is content in it, has upon her one mark of a

2. Now, what is the first thing we find his great woman doing in the home? Making bread! And it was good bread she made, for the prophet, having got a taste the matter with him; and perhaps this will- of it, liked it, and came back for more of it. "As often as he passed by he turned the revealed touch of celestial fire in his in thither to eat bread." Very good bread

Anything great in this? Every man will say there is. Good food more than any other one thing is the material cornerstone of human life. It very largely determines the questions of proper nutrition. of health, of home comfort and happiness, runners on stones, and broken through and of social order. Good bread is almost the first point in a good home. Good bread Beneath these shells the water murmurs as | makes rosy-cheeked children and a husband musically as though it kept time to the proud of his wife. Bad bread may break up a home. This is not exaggeration, but plain truth. A woman does not know what evil she is working when she feeds her family on innutritious, poorly cooked and poorly served food. There is room for the exercise of genius in the kitchen. Cooking is not menial work; it is a fine art. The woman that can make a good loaf of bread

deserves to be crowned. Young women, here is your chance to become accomplished. Nothing is being said against the arts of music and painting and all the embroideries of education. but put the culinary art first. It can be it sems as if eiderdown were thickly strewn | made a real accomplishment and will prove one of your greatest attractions. For all the world knows that a woman that can make good bread is in one respect a great woman.

there was something lacking in this woman's home, for the most perfect human life is at some point incomplete and unsatisfied. There was no baby boy or girl in her house affections and satisfy the maternal yearnings of her heart. And what a lack was In these depths the jaybird clatters as | that? Think how glum and serious the hope than present joy, and the sapsucker | the human blossom fresh from the hand of immediately begins to sparkle and efferartificialties and destroys all starch and home; and how, also, it sobers life with responsibility and makes it thoughtful and

The prophet saw the lack in this good woman's home, and in answer to his woman's home, and in answer to his prayer a baby boy was laid in her bosom and her panion, but is sadly puzzled. Poor little cup of joy was full. Now this great womwisdom of her mind and care of her hand watched over him, cared for him, prayed for him, led him into right thoughts and habits, and inspired him with noble pur-

up her face, and, bending down, she kissed But my hour is up. Yonder, scarce a her artist child. In after years he said, "My mother's kiss made me a painter."

Mother, study your child; get into the secret of his nature and know what are his peculiarities and needs, his strong and weak points, what to repress and what to encourage; learn how to manage him, how to touch his sense of manhood and inspire him with noble ideals. God has put your child's plastic spirit into your hands to